

in the ultra elegant diningroom of a ski resort,
up up up came sherry chicken flambeau, yorkshire pudding,
& greenbeans almonidine.

the chef was there to witness this event, having just
finished
lighting the chicken flambeau of a nearby table.
whoa! imagine his expression!

ron enjoyed all the upset & thought the vomiting scene
was spectacular.
his mother shrieked: "you're not coming with us to
the night owl lounge,

ronald! it's off to bed early for you!
ron didn't care; he didn't want to hear some lady singing
"sunrise sunset" or "those were the days" & the gala of
his public vomiting was entertainment enough.

this is the first of ron's vomit stories; merely the
beginning
of a continuing saga

-- Miriam A. Cohen

Forest Hills NY

SPACE CREATURES

they are at the track every
Saturday afternoon: two
immensely fat men
a fat woman
and the fat woman's son
(who is also getting obese
and is the son of one of
the men).

they all sit together
eat hotdogs
drink beer
and scream together
during a race
and after the
race.
no matter
who wins
they scream.
between races they
argue while consuming
the hotdogs and beer.

I sit and watch them
from a distance.
they are far more
interesting than
the horses or
the war in the
Falklands.

as I watch
the fattest man
lifts his beercup
(large size)
and gulps in a
mass of suds.
his mouth is
strangely small and
he bites at
the cup edge and
much of the beer
spills out
runs down
each side
of his chin and
onto
his shirt.
he pulls the cup
out of his mouth
and screams:
"SHIT!"

"YOU ASSHOLE!"
the fat woman
screams at
him.

"SHUT UP, YOU
CUNT!" he screams
back.

then they both
sit there
not angry
at all
as if nothing
had
occurred.

then
the other
fat man
talks:
"I'M GONNA BET
THE 6, THE 3 AND
THE 9!"

even though
he only speaks
it's as if
the average person
were
shouting.

the son
is dressed in
all red pants
white t-shirt
white tennis
shoes.

the two men
are dressed
in black pants
white t-shirts
and very shiny
black shoes.

they look like
brothers.

the woman is
dressed in a
soiled white
dress
wears faded
green
tennis shoes
without socks.

as I watch she
lifts
her beercup
(large size).
she also has
a tiny
mouth
but she has
pinched one edge
of the cup
together
made a little
runway.

she drains the
cup
crushes it
flips it off to
one side
belches around:
"WHO'S GONNA BUY
THE NEXT FUCKING
ROUND?"

nobody sits
near them.

these,
I think, could be
the space creatures
from a distant
planet.

I rather
like them.
their attention spans
are limited
but they have
few pretenses.

"I'M GOING TO GARDENA
TONIGHT!" says the man
who isn't quite as fat
as the other.

"YOU CAN'T BEAT THOSE
MOTHERFUCKING GRAND-
MOTHERS!" says the
fattest.

"THEY SIT ON THEIR
HANDS LIKE THEY GOT A
DILDO STUCK UP THEIR
BUTTS!"

"SHUT UP, YOU
ASSHOLES!" says
the woman.

the son
in the red pants
never says
anything.
he just sits
around and
stands around
gradually getting
bigger.

then the horses
appear on the track
for the
post parade.

"SHOEMAKER THE
FAKER!" the fattest
man screams at
the world's
winningest
jock.

Shoemaker blinks but
carries on.
having made a
few million
he understands the
rancor of the
losers.

then the woman
leaps up.
well, she doesn't
leap ... she rather
rises like a
mountain of
womanhood and
says: "HEY, DIDJA
SEE THAT? THE 5
HORSE JUST SHIT!
HE'S GONNA BE
LIGHTER! THAT GIVES
HIM THE ADVANTAGE!
25 TO ONE! I GOT
MY GOD DAMNED
BET!"

"YOU STUPID
CUNT!" says the
fattest one.
"SIT DOWN! YOU'RE
BLOCKING OUT THE
SUN!"

I leave then.
go to the betting
window.
I bet Shoemaker the
faker.

when I come back
they're gone.
I don't understand
it.

the race goes
off.
Shoemaker comes
in at
5 to one.
I've got him
20 win.

they don't
return
after that
race or the
next.

